

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

For as the sucking child or harmlesse lamb,  
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

*Enter Suffolke.*

How now Suffolke, where's our vnckle?

*Suff.* Dead in his bed, my Lord, Gloster is dead.

*The King falls in a swoone.*

*Queene* Ay me, the King is dead: help, help, my lords.

*Suff.* Comfort my Lord, gracious Henry, comfort.

*King* What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort?

Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,  
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,  
Py crying comfort through a hollow voice,  
Can satilise my griefes, or ease my heart?  
Thou balefull messenger, out of my sight,  
For euen in thy eie-balls murther sits,  
Yet do not go: come Basaliske

And kill the seely gazer with thy lookes.

*Queene* Why do you rate my lord of Suffolke thus,  
As if that he had causde Duke Humphreys death?

The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,  
And you had best say that I did murther him.

*King* Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death.

*Queene* Be woe for me, more wretched then he was,  
What dost thou turne away and hide thy face?

I am no loathsome leaper, looke on me,

Was I for this nie wrackt vpon the sea?

And thrice by aukward winds driuen backe from Englands

What might it bode but that well foretelling (bounds,

Winds said, seeke not a scorpions neast.

*Enter the Earles of Warwicke and Salisbury.*

*War.* My lord, the Commons like an angry hiue of bees,

Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,

For good Humphreys death, whom they report

To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinal here.

*King* That he is dead (good Warwicke) is too true,

But how he died, God knowes, not Henry.

*War.* Enter his priuy chamber my lord, and view the body.

Good

*houses, of Torke and Lancaster.*

Good father stay you with the rude multitude, til I returne.

*Salsb.* I will sonne. *exit Salsb.*

*Warwicke drawes the curtaines and shewes Duke*  
*Humphrey in his bed.*

*King* Ah vnckle Gloster, heauen receiue thy soule,  
Farewell poore Henries ioy, now thou art gone.

*War.* Now by his soule, that tooke our shape vpon him  
To free vs from his fathers dreadful curse,  
I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,  
Vpon the life of this famous Duke.

*Suff.* A dreadfull oath sworne with a solemne tongue,  
What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these wordes?

*War.* Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost,  
Of ashie semblance, pale and bloudlesse:  
But loe, the bloud is setled in the face,  
More better coloured, then when he liude,  
His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,  
His fingers spread abroad as one that graspt for life,  
Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are probable  
It cannot chuse but he was murthered.

*Queene* Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge.  
And they I trust fir, are no murtherers.

*War.* Yea, but twas well knowne they were not his friends  
And tis well seene he found some enemies.

*Card.* But haue you no greater proofes then these?

*War.* Who sees a heifer dead and bleeding fresh,

And sees hard by a butcher with an axe,

But wil suspect twas he that made the slaughter?

Who finds the partridge in the puttockes neast,

But will imagine how the bird came there,

Although the Kite soare with vnbloudy beake?

Euen so suspicious is this Tragedie.

*Queene* Are you the Kite Bewford, where's your talant  
Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his Knife?

*Suff.* I weare no Knife to slaughter sleeping men,

But heres a vengefull sword rusted with ease,

That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,

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